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WHOLE NO. 1375.

many were not searched, though I heard that others were who came in afterward.

This operation over we drew rations for the day—half a loaf of bread nearly as large as our government gives, and a piece of boiled fresh beef, of not more than two cubic inches, to each man. This was the first food that had been issued to us since taken, and was the amount drew daily while I was a prisoner. The quality was usually good enough, though the beef was abominably fresh. But to think of a hearty man's living on eight or ten ounces of soft bread and a piece of beef as large as his two fingers daily!

Well, that night they took us out of the Libby and put us into an old tobacco factory, filthier and far more inconvenient than we had seen before. After a few days, however, water was provided for each of the three floors, the rooms were cleaned a little, and our condition made more endurable than at first.

On the 18th the surgeon made his appearance amongst us for the first time. He looked at us about as a half-way farmer would examine a flock of a hundred sheep, and then went away. After this he came daily. Those who were the worst were taken to the hospital. The inside of that institution I did not see, or desire to. Life was bad enough in prison.

It is but justice, however, to state that there was one alleviating feature. The guards embraced every opportunity to sell us bread. This was contrary to orders, and had they been detected, would have sent them to Castle Thunder. But they had no feelings of personal enmity to gratify, and were only too glad to make a few dollars in trade with the Yankees. Many were the hungry men who added daily another loaf or two to the half loaf allowed by the rebel government. Prices, however, ranged rather high. Two or three loaves of bread, not weighing more than six ounces, for a dollar; butter four to four and a half dollars per pound; apples two dollars per dozen—small and wormy at that; pies, small and poor, at one dollar each, and other things in proportion—prices rising. This was in Confederate currency. We could sell our greenbacks for three, four, five and sometimes seven dollars scrip for one dollar greenback.

THE ESCAPE.
Messrs. Crane and Davis broke through the window of their prison house, passed into the window of the building opposite, and so continued until they had passed some distance from the old tobacco factory, when they emerged into the street.

"Fortunate if no one was around, and, waiting for a favorable time, at half past nine we walked out into the street and made our way out of the city. There were guards within fifty feet of the door on each side of it, but both were just round the corner of the building and did not see us. Many of their soldiers wore blue pants and overcoats so we escaped through the city and were not suspected.

We dreamed passing the forts which we believed we should find around the city, but most of them turned out to be without garisons. Once, indeed, we very nearly ran into an encampment—getting between it and the fort, but we avoided it and went on. Later in the night we came close upon another encampment, and hid under the fence till the disturbance was over, and then we took a course at right angles to the one we had followed, and thus avoided them.

About three o'clock we lay down, and though the air was very frosty, slept soundly for two hours. Then we started again. We met with no other incidents till near night Wednesday.

These Union soldiers came very near being discovered and taken prisoners Wednesday night, but evaded their enemies and pushed on towards the Federal lines. "About noon, Thursday, we came to the Chickamauga, having walked till then in the woods and swamps. Fortunately we met a negro whom we questioned. From him we learned our proximity to the rebel pickets and the difficulty of crossing the river. He told us, too, that there were no boats on the stream, they having all been broken by the guard about a week before. If we were to cross was more than we could imagine. We questioned our informant about the conveniences for building a raft. We told him what we were, and must cross the stream without being discovered. For the first time since we had talked with him he raised his eyes to mine and slowly turned on his heel without a muscle of his face changing its stolid expressionless aspect, he said: "I guess, mebbe, I help you. I had an old fish boat. Mebbe you didn't find it."

And he led the way, dead to all queries as to the boat. Reaching the river, he gave us another piece of information. "You stay here and look out. Day's powerful queer—dem pickets—nuttin' round all day."

Of course we waited on the lookout. Soon we heard a noise on the water, and all was still again. In a few moments our savior friend made his appearance. "Come dis way."

He led us to a boat, and taking the oars rowed to a path on the other side. There he fastened the boat and went as guide for some distance along through the swamps, and then giving us directions to avoid the pickets, and what road to take, turned and we saw him no more.

We followed his directions, and made good progress till near sunset. We were following the road when we came to a turn that led down a hill, compelling hiding the road from sight. Just at this point we met two horsemen, and did not see them till within at least three rods of them. We dashed off into the open pine woods, where

a horse could make his way as well as in the road. I suppose the rebels did not appreciate the case for a moment, for we got a good start. Then they came on calling out, "Halt! What you doing there? Where you goin'? Halt! halt, or I'll fire on you!" and such exclamations. We paid no attention to their threats. In about twenty rods we reached the fence, jumped it, and ran among some scrub pines and other evergreens that grew close to the ground. We had gone but a few rods in the field before our pursuers reached the fence and one of them fired. I was not hit, and I could see that Davis, who was ahead, was also unharmed. The men behind us could not jump to their horses over the fence and stopped to take it down. I was getting completely exhausted, and felt that I must soon give out. Turning square to the right, I ran about a rod out of my course, turned again to the right, and ran back a few steps, then threw myself flat on my face and crawled under the evergreens. Fortunately I was not noticed, and our pursuers passed by my hiding place. Before very long I heard two men returning, one of whom was talking. I could not see either of them, and feared Davis was taken. I waited a while longer, and then got up to find him. I had just returned to my hiding place when I saw a rebel pass through the open pines with a gun on his shoulder. I waited two hours longer, and hearing nothing of Davis, I had been for some time, I proceeded on alone.

It was bright moonlight, and avoiding the principal roads I kept on nearly all night. Once I heard a noise behind me and stepped into the shade to allow a patrol to go by. Then I followed on. Toward morning I crawled into a corner of the fence and slept a couple of hours. Then I plodded on once more.

As it grew to be morning the negro houses by the roadside began to show signs of life. I ventured to knock at one. "May I come in and warm myself by your fire?" I asked.

"Yes, come in." A chair was set for me by the fire. After a pause I asked the distance to Williamsport. "Twelve miles." "Are there Union forces there?" "Yes." "Is this the direct road?" "Yes."

Just then there was a stir in an inner room. "Gettin' up so soon?" said a person I took to be the negro's wife. "Dunno."

Then there was a whispered colloquy between the two. I could distinguish only the words "Nothing. Bread and milk" and a final answer on the part of the negroess. Then the man addressed me.

"That white woman dat lib here," said he, with a glance toward the inner room whence the sounds had come. "Heap sight of trouble—all the time peakin' round—tells everythin'. Mustn't talk here—come out door."

We went out. "You Union?" I asked. "I assented."

"Goin' to Williamsport?" "Yes. Can I get inside the lines there?" "Yes, that the nearest place. Can't go to-day though."

"Why?" "Road full of scouts. Must hide somewhere."

Fatigued as I was, I at once grasped at the idea, and away where I could hide. "Dunno. Guess I got a place I can keep you. Come."

I followed him to a small building used for a kitchen. Taking me up stairs into a chamber half full of husks, I laid down in a back part, and he piled them over me and went away.

Twice that day did the negro woman come to my hiding place with hot corn cakes, roasted sweet potatoes, and warm milk. To me, weary and half-starved, they were the greatest luxuries. Once I awoke and heard her talking with a rebel soldier. One other time I heard the children prattling about the soldiers going by. But I was not disturbed.

After dark my black friend came and called me down. Then he gave minute directions as to the road and how to avoid the rebel scouts, going a short distance himself to show me on my way. And all he asked for this was that I would do what I could for him in the lines. I promised and I have faithfully redeemed that promise. If the Union army goes by that man's houses, it will not be my fault if they do not know that he is a friend of the Union soldiers.

I found the road that night just as it had been represented. Once, indeed, I came into dangerous proximity to the scouts, but I avoided them and went on.

At last I came upon a road bearing unmistakable evidence of the immediate presence of Union troops. I had not followed it far before "Halt!" rang out loud and clear. I stopped motionless. There was a brogue to the tongue. Was it possible that I had got so far and undergone so much to be taken by rebel pickets? The sky was cloudy and dark, and I was in a bad way. I had only time to look for a chance to run when that "Halt!" came again. I was motionless, and the invisible picket could see it. I determined to keep silence till I was sure of the character of my questioner.

"Who comes there?" "That, I thought, was good German, and I felt better."

"A friend without the countersign?" "What friend?"

I was no yet sure of the character before me, and kept silent.

"Who are you, anyway?"

That was a clincher. I was sure now that the man before me was a German, and I had never seen those men in the rebel army.

"An unarmed man," said I, still determined not to compromise too far.

"How many is there is of you?" "One."

"Come out into the middle of the road." I went. At the same time two horsemen rode out of the shade of a tall tree by the roadside.

"Hold up both hands." I obeyed.

"Now come forward." Forward I went, holding up both hands, bare fashion.

"Where you from?" they asked as I came up.

"From Richmond. What cavalry is this?" "The 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles."

"And this is Williamsport?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes."

I was safe at last—safe inside the Union lines. They took me to picket headquarters, made me some coffee—the first I had had for long weeks—and showed me a place to sleep. I stretched myself to rest, but not to sleep. I was too happy.

A Little Plain Talk.
The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, representative to Congress elect from the Chicago district, recently addressed the Union Loyal League of that city. The speech is one of great merit. We append the following extract as a sample of its tenor and spirit:

Two and half years ago the streets of Baltimore were red with the blood of Massachusetts soldiers, murdered for their loyalty and patriotism. You remember the cry that came from New England to the Western prairies, "Burn Baltimore," and leave not one stone upon another, if she stops the pathway of Union soldiers to the defence of the capital.

Now, Baltimore sends as her representative to Congress, by a unanimous vote, the boldest and most radical emancipationist in the land.

Verily, the world does move. It was long before we recognized clearly the fact that slavery and rebellion were identical.

The verdict just recorded at the ballot-box is that slavery and the rebellion shall both be crushed. Hideously as they have been in their lives, in death they shall not be divided.

Contemplate the rapid advance of ideas since 1861. Freedom at the capital; freedom forever in all the Territories; a man hung by the Government for participating in the slave trade; Western Virginia a free state; the great state of Missouri substantially free; thanks to her radicals, who have so gallantly fought and won the battle for liberty; Maryland, "My Maryland" overwhelming in her vote for immediate emancipation. So much accomplished.

Before the grass shall grow again on our prairies, Tennessee, under the lead of Andrew Johnson, will ask to return to the Union as a free state. Louisiana will not linger behind, and ere long the Great Father of Waters shall flow over free soil from its source to its mouth. Kentucky, if she adheres to slavery, will soon be isolated. Freedom to the North of her, freedom to the south of her, freedom to the East of her, and freedom to the West of her, she will be compelled to give up the ghost of slavery; the breath of life and liberty will be breathed into her, and she will become the glorious free commonwealth of Kentucky. Whence the recent change in the tone of the world toward our country? It is because Europe, France, England, at last have recognized the fact that this is a square contest between Liberty and Slavery.

Hence, the people, the masses, that make up the great public opinion, against which monarchies cannot contend, have caused the recent radical change toward our government.

Hence, England places her broad arrow upon the rebel rams in her waters, and forbids their sailing to the aid of slaveholders. Louis Napoleon pauses in his ambitions American schemes and arrests the rebel iron-clads in France.

Lord Lyons gets up at midnight to warn Mr. Stanton of a rebel plot in Canada.

All this because the issue has been made clear and square between Liberty and Slavery.

Such is the present. What of the future? I say, push on the war. Fill up the ranks. Follow the retreating rebel armies into Georgia and Alabama; pour in the Greek fire into Charleston. Arm the negroes. Proclaim it far and wide, on land, and on sea, that wherever the flag floats it is the emblem of Liberty and Union. Sustain and make effective the President's Emancipation Proclamation; uphold and maintain it forever. Strike at the rebellion and at slavery, everywhere, and at all times, regarding them as one and indivisible. Let our rallying cry be Liberty and Union against Slavery and Rebellion, and by this sign we shall conquer; and when we have conquered, the victory will be the grandest triumph of civilization over barbarism recorded on all the records of time.

A line of broad gauge railway connecting the cities of New York and Cleveland, Ohio, and called the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, has been completed, and the event has been duly celebrated at Cleveland, the past week, by a banquet and ball. The extension of this broad gauge to Cleveland enables passengers and freight, with but one change, to run between New York and Chicago.

Successful Surgery.

There has recently been a successful case of surgery performed in Westminster, which is well worthy of record. A little daughter of Alexander Watkins, was severely attacked with diphtheritic croup or diphtheria and croup together, was lying at the point of death, when surgery was proposed, and accordingly an opening into the windpipe was made as low down as the breastbone, and a tube inserted, followed by instant relief. The throat was entirely filled up, and the child could not have lived but for this operation. For eight days the tube was kept in, some one attending it every moment of time, the atmosphere of the room being kept at a high temperature all the while, so as to correspond with what would have been the air in the same place in the throat, had it been inhaled the usual way. This is an operation which has been performed elsewhere, but being the first case in this section, it has been awaited with much interest both by neighbors and physicians, to say nothing of the anxiety which must have been felt by the family. The child has now nearly recovered and is up about the house. When the tube was taken out the child had not spoken, of course, for a long time, the questions were immediately asked, but she only shook her head as before. Soon after, however, she "spoke right out in meeting," calling for food, much to the joy of those present. The operation was performed by Drs. Nichols of this village, Campbell of Saxton's River, and Holton of Putney, and is a success highly gratifying to the medical science.—*Bellows Falls Times.*

LAWS OF VERMONT, A. D. 1863.

Designated by the Secretary of State for publication in all the newspapers.

No. 1.—An act to encourage volunteering. It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont:

Sec. 1. If any volunteer who may hereafter be raised under the authority of this State, to serve in the army of the United States for three years unless sooner discharged, and who shall be entitled to receive from this State, pay, at the rate of seven dollars per month, shall, prior to his muster into the United States service, elect to commute such State pay, and signify such election to the officer by whom he shall be recruited, he shall be entitled to receive, from the Treasurer of this State, at the time of such muster, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, in which case he shall not be entitled to receive said seven dollars per month.

Sec. 2. This act shall not apply to any volunteer who shall have a family residing in this State, except with the written consent of the selectmen of the town in which such family resides.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved, Nov. 11, 1863.

No. 2.—An act for the aid of drafted soldiers. It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Any town, at a town meeting legally warned and holden, may grant and vote such sums of money as they may judge best, to be paid to those persons who have been or may hereafter be drafted from said town into the military service of the United States, or for the purpose of paying any debts contracted by the selectmen of such town, or for the purpose of defraying the expense and amount of bounties to such drafted men, which bounties may have been paid to such drafted men by private subscription, or from private means. Provided, that nothing in this act shall be construed to give any town authority to raise money to pay any bounty or reward to any drafted man who shall not, either actually enter the military service of the United States, or be exempt therefrom by having furnished an accepted substitute.

Sec. 2. No money payable, or received, under the provisions of this act, shall be subject to the trustee process.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved, Nov. 10, 1863.

No. 3.—An act granting State pay to drafted men, and aid to their families. It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. The non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, now in the military service of the United States, and all who may be drafted and mustered into the service of the United States before the second Thursday of October, A. D. 1864, from this State, as drafted men, shall be entitled to receive seven dollars per month from the State of Vermont, so long as they shall remain in the Vermont regiments, or in detached companies of Vermont men in any other regiments in the United States service, to be paid them in the same manner as is provided by law for the payment of seven dollars per month to the non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates of the volunteers from this State, now in the service of the United States. Provided, that this section shall not authorize the payment of said seven dollars per month to any person who has entered the service of the United States as a substitute for a drafted man.

Sec. 2. The families of such drafted men shall be entitled to all the rights and gratuities that are now provided by law for the families of the volunteers from Vermont, now in the service of the United States, in any other regiments of Vermont men in any other regiments of the United States service.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved, Nov. 10, 1863.

No. 4.—An act authorizing towns to erect